

THE LADY'S

MISCELLANY;

OR,

THE

WEEKLY

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, February 15,.....1812.

[NO. 17.]

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF

BELGRADE.

Not long after, the regiment became stationary in the vicinity of Saragossa. Bernard returned unusually late from a party to which Alfonso also had been invited; but to which, by reason of military duty he could not attend. As was the custom of Bernard, he entered the apartment of his friend in order to take a parting glass before he retired to his own. He was uncommonly reserved, and after finishing a goblet of wine and water, he threw himself into a chair lost in meditation. Alfonso struck with the peculiar reserve of his friend, entreated an explanation; but the only answer returned by Bernard, after replenishing his goblet, was 'God bless you my country—here's pleasant dreams.' He then again, was silent and withdrew.

Satisfied with the lively pleasantry of the salutation, Alfonso once more courted that repose from which he had recently been disturbed.

It was their practice too to eat breakfast together. The countenance of Bernard, as he entered in the morning, still preserved, tho' in a less degree, the gravity which marked it in the evening before. Alfonso endeavored to give a pleasant turn to conversation. He mentioned one or two ludicrous incidents which had occurred at the mess-table in the absence of his friend. 'By the bye, Bernard,' said he, 'the marquis dined with us to-day. He was quite witty—full of spirits, and all that agreeable humor for which he is extolled. Story after story, anecdote upon anecdote, he measured out in such pleasing variety, as to engross the attention of the whole table. Never was he more agreeable;—charmed alike by the retentiveness of his memory, and the happy novelty of his invention, with reluctance I quitted his society. By the way, he mentioned an anecdote of general T——: you know him, Bernard—the French minister at Madrid. What a brutal and degenerate mind must he inherit, who would outrage the prerogative of a husband, by the exercise of flagellation, and delight in the blood and tears of a female whose unhappy destiny should have as-
p-

ciated her with a monster equally conspicuous in the moral world, for depravity in the annals of revolution, as in the physical for that grimy foliage which besets his countenance:—well has he been designated by the appellation of Don Whiskerando——’

‘You surprise me,’ cried Bernard—‘if this should be the character of T——, I for ever disown him as a countryman.’

‘It is but too true,’ replied Alfonso, ‘and I am assured that his unhappy wife unable longer to endure the treatment of her husband, and in order to avoid a death too often menaced, has been compelled to flee the sanctuary, formed by God and nature for the felicity of her tender sex, with no other prospect of a subsistence than what she can hope from the votaries of fashion, in the disposal of fringe, binnacle, and ribbon, at a *boutique* in the capital——’

‘Monster!’ exclaimed Bernard, and again relapsed into his reverie.

More and more at a loss to account for so singular an alteration in the spirits of his friend, and unable to repress his increasing curiosity, Alfonso insisted upon a knowledge of the uneasiness which preyed upon his spirits.

‘Nothing of consequence,’ cried Bernard.

‘If of no consequence,’ rejoined

Alfonso, ‘why hesitate to allay my suspicions—if of too great moment for my ear, as I begin to apprehend, I shall desist from farther entreaty—but not surely to feel the less uneasiness, Bernard, for this breach of confidence between us, and for your personal safety——’

‘Good God,’ exclaimed Bernard, ‘and can Alfonso think thus meanly of his friend! nothing has occurred in the smallest to involve my personal safety—but something to beget a strange enthusiasm in my sentiments, and to create a tumult in my mind which I fear you are likely to suppress. I entered your quarters last night determined to communicate what had happened; but I felt ashamed to own what I had no resolution to abandon; and I quitted you in the hope of sleeping away a scheme, I had planned to execute, or fall in the attempt. The day dawned, and my resolution was still unshaken. I meditated upon my pillow; and the genius of dreams hovered o’er me in my sleep to allure me, not from my plan, but to direct me in its operation. I suspected you would smile at my conceit, or throw obstacles in my way, and I was resolved to abuse your confidence rather than expose my foible to your ridicule or to be thwarted in my views. You have detected me; and because I have been guilty of assaulting that friendship, I am so anxious to cherish, you shall be at

full liberty to laugh at my expense. Listen then, and without interruption; but seek not to estrange me from my purpose, romantic as you may call it. It is a scheme, Alfonso, wild and chimerical; of much delicacy in its operation, and replete with danger—calculated to affect every future moment of my life, and upon whose issue my future happiness greatly depends. Suddenly resolved, it is not the less irrevocable. It stole upon me uncourted, unpremeditated; laid under contribution were all the affections, and as the chaos of the mind subsided, it alone was left the undisputed passion of my breast.

‘You may remember,’ continued Bernard, ‘to have heard the name of Mariana?—’

‘What!’ interrupted Alfonso; do you allude to the daughter of the marquis de Cassa Calvo, who is soon to take the veil?’

‘The same,’ rejoined Bernard, ‘she who all Arragon so justly pities—the obdurate heart of whose father all abhor.—Last night I heard her story for the first time:—It roused every latent sentiment in my breast and in a moment I resolved to espouse her cause, to free her from engagements loathsome to her soul, and by restoring to the world a jewel so formed to please and to adorn, secure the plaudits of an approving conscience. Her tale is short, but full of interest.—’

‘The character and the affluence of the marquis, amply illustrate what chicane and industry can accomplish.—In his youth he embarked for the island of Cuba, a needy adventurer, without family, destitute of friends, and poorly clad. His father a plodding mechanic in Galicia, was barely capable of affording to an only son the rudiments of his mother tongue the principles of arithmetic and a short period of instruction in the art of writing. As a child he discovered a ready apprehension, he even passed amid the circle of his father’s acquaintance as a lad of promising merit. The boy was certainly assiduous in application to the little he was taught, and by dint of perseverance soon excelled in penmanship.

‘On his arrival at Havanna, he experienced the advantage of this talent. A planter took him by the hand—a man deficient in every thing but wealth; who possessed extensive plantations without constitution to enjoy, or a relation to inherit them; reaping immense crops without ascertaining their annual amount, unless from entire dependence upon the honesty of his ill-fed slaves, and the notches upon a perennial bamboo; whose increase of number, with the addition of a massy crucifix, had by this time well nigh filled the bed-chamber of its asthmatic occupant. Such was the man who first employed the young adventurer, nor had the latter much cause to re-

gret the adoption of such a master. True, his patience and fortitude were long put to a severe trial; many a year had he to support the caprice of a disposition soured by illness, and habituated to all the arbitrary controul to which abject slavery inures the mind; but persevering in every effort to please, he was in the end successful to outlive the privations of dependence and his benefactor. On his employer's death, to the exception of one or two trifling legacies he found himself in the full possession of all his property, real and personal, to the amount of *one million of dollars.*

'The moment he had consigned the ashes of his benefactor to the grave, and the short period of mourning to which he was subtle enough to conform, had expired; away were thrown the sable ensigns of assumed sorrow, along with that outward show of frugal economy which had been the distinguished characteristic of his parsimonious predecessor. On each of his plantations was erected forthwith a commodious dwelling; and having purchased a magnificent mansion in Havanna, he fitted it up in a style of unrivalled splendor. Wealth is ever a sufficient introduction to the first circle of society; and the once needy and indigent gallician in the prime of life, found himself courted by all who had pretensions to what the capricious world denominates *taste and fashion.* But

unsatisfied with the unqualified estimation in which he was held by the inhabitants of the Island, he became ambitious of more extended patronage, and sighing for something beyond the approbation of a colony, he resolved to revisit the capital of the Spanish empire. Every relative he had were already gone. The idle tattling of a gossiping parent was now hushed in the silence of the tomb, and no trace of kindred left to blur the *entree* of the nabob to the follies and dissipation of a courtly circle. His introduction to the throne was thus unattended with difficulty; nor was he displeased with the reception with which royalty marked his presentation.

'It has been affirmed with justice, that the 'end of ambition becomes a means:' and having run riot for a while amid the giddy scenes of pleasure—avarice, the predominant passion of his mind, fanned the embers of yet wealthier accumulation. He was, indeed, fascinated with dissipation; but surmounting the barriers to its attainment with such an easy stride it was difficult to forget the value of gold and he had yet to lose sight of a scrupulous attention to the price of his enjoyment. The government of Cuba becoming vacant at this period, he remembered the splendor and emolument of the office, and as it was usually a prelude to a title, his enamored fancy fired every nerve to secure the nomination. Low cunning and

finesse, with a sensible application of his purse, procured the appointment, and he returned to that spot, so recently quitted, as marquis de Cassa Calvo, with the rank of captain-general, and governor of the Island of Cuba and its dependencies.

To be Continued.

Little Dominick; or, the Welsh School-master and Irish pupil.

From the Essay on Irish Bulls, by Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and Maria Edgeworth,

Little Dominick was born at Fort Reilly, in Ireland, and bred no where till his 10th year; when he was sent to Wales, to learn manners and grammar at the school of Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones. This gentleman had reasons to think himself the greatest of men—for he had over his chimney-piece a well smoked genealogy, duly attested, tracing his ancestry in a direct line up to Noah; and, moreover, he was nearly related to the learned etymologist, who, in the time of queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio volume to prove that the language of Adam and Eve, in Paradise, was pure Welsh. With such causes to be proud, Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones was excusable, for sometimes seeming to forget that a schoolmaster is but a man. He, however, sometimes entirely forgot that a boy is but a

boy, and this happened most frequently with respect to Little Dominick.

This unlucky wight was flogged every morning by his master, not for his vices; but for his vicious constructions; and laughed at every evening for his idiomatic absurdities. They would probably have been inclined to sympathise in his misfortunes, but that he was the only Irish boy at school; and as he was at a distance from all his relations, and without a friend to take his part, he was a just object of obloquy and derision. Every sentence he spoke was a bull, every two words he put together proved a false concord, and every sound he articulated betrayed the brogue; but, as he possessed some of the characteristic boldness of these who have been dipped in the Shannon, though he was only Little Dominick, he shewed himself able and willing to fight his own battles with the host of foes by whom he was encompassed. Some of these, it was said, were nearly of twice his stature. This may be exaggerated; but it is certain that our hero sometimes ventured, with sly Irish humour to revenge himself on his most powerful tyrant, by mimicking the Welch accent, in which Mr. Owen ap Jones said to him—'Cot pless me, you plockit, and shall I never learn you English cram-mer?'

It was whispered in the ear of

this Dionysis, that our little hero was a mimick—and he was now treated with increased severity.

The midsummer holidays approached: but he feared that they would shine no holidays for him. He had written to his mother, to tell her that school would break up on the 21st; and begged an answer without fail by return of post—but no answer came.

It was now nearly two months since he had heard from his dear mother, or any of his friends in Ireland. His spirits began to sink under the pressure of these accumulated misfortunes—he slept little, eat less, and played not at all; indeed nobody would play with him on equal terms, because he was nobody's equal his school fellows continued to consider him as a being, if not a different species, at least of a different *cast* from themselves.

Mr. Owen ap Jones's triumph over the little Irish plockit was nearly complete, for the boy's heart was almost broken, when there came to the school a new scholar—O, how unlike the rest! His name was Edwards: he was the son of a neighbouring Welsh gentleman, and he had himself the spirit of a gentleman. When he saw how poor Dominick was persecuted, he took him under his protection, fought his battles with the Welsh boys, and instead of laughing at him for speaking Irish he

endeavoured to teach him to speak English. In his answers to the first questions Edwards ever asked him, little Dominick made two blunders, which set all his other companions in a roar—yet Edwards would not allow them to be genuine Bulls.

In answer to the question, who is your father? Dominick said with a deep sigh, 'I have no father—I am an orphan*—I have only a mother.'

'Have you any brothers and sisters?'

'No! I wish I had, for perhaps they would love me, and not laugh at me,' said Dominick with tears in his eyes; 'but I have no brothers *but myself*'

One day Mr. Owen ap Jones came into the school-room with an open letter in his hand, saying, 'Here, you little Irish plockit, here's a letter from your mother.'

The little Irish blockhead started from his form, and throwing his grammar on the floor, leaped up higher than he or any boy in the school had ever been seen to leap before; then clapping his hands, he exclaimed—'A letter from my mother!—And *will* I hear the letter? And *will* I see her once more?—And *will* I go home these holidays? O, then I *will* be happy!'

* *Iliad*, 6th book, l. 432, *Andromache* says to *Hector*, 'You will make your son an orphan, and your wife a widow.'

'There is no danger of that,' said Mr. Owen ap Jones, 'for your mother, like a wise ooman, writes me here, that py the advice of your cardian to oom she is going to be married, she will not bring you home to Ireland, till I send her word you are perfect in your English-crammer at least.'

'I have my lesson perfect, sir,' said Dominick, taking his grammar up from the floor, 'will I say it now?'

'No, you plockit, you *will* not; and I *will* write your mother word you have proke Priscian's head four times tis tay since her letter came.'

Little Dominick, for the first time, was seen to burst into tears—'Will I hear the letter?—Will I see my mother?—Will I go home?'

'You Irish plockit!' continued the relentless grammarian; 'you Irish plockit, will you never learn the difference between *shall* and *will*?'

The Welsh boys all grinned, except Edwards, who hummed loud enough to be heard,

'And *will* I see him once again;
'And *will* I hear him speak?'

Many of the boys were, unfortunately, too ignorant to feel the quotation, but Mr. Owen ap Jones understood it turned on his heel, and walked off.

Soon afterwards he summoned Dominick to his awful desk, and pointing with his ruler to the following page in Harris's *Hermes*, bade him read it, and understand it, if he could.

Little Dominick read, but could not understand.

'Then read it aloud, you plock-it,' Dominick read aloud—

'There is nothing *appears* so clearly an object of the mind or intellect only as the *future* does, since we can find no place for its existence any where else, but not the same, if we consider *is* equally true of the past—.'

'Well, co on—what stops the plockit—can't you read English now?'

'Yes, sir, but I was trying to understand it; I was considering, that this is like what they would call an Irish bull, if I had said it.'

Little Dominick could not explain what he meant, in English, that Mr. Owen ap Jones *would* understand: and to punish him for his impertinence, the boy was doomed to learn all that Harris and Lowth have written to explain the nature of *shall* and *will*. The reader, if he be desirous of knowing the full extent of the penance enjoined, may consult Lowth's grammar. p. 52, ed. 1799, and Harris's *Hermes*, p. 10, 11, & 12, 4th edition.

(To be Continued.)

Mr. Editor

I present you for insertion in the Miscellany the following communication.

HENRY.

When Capt. D——I had provided a snug house for the accommodation of his Wife and niece, with suitable furniture his fortune being limited he was induced to use the utmost economy; the habitation was small; and the rent easy, and when he had finished the pleasing task of providing for the wants of Mrs. D——; he sailed from this port in the month of December 1810. No sooner had the Pilot left the vessel, than the gathering clouds portended, what alas! proved true, a dreadful storm, he with all the crew, save one boy, were washed overboard, by the 'Ocean Wave' and seen no more! the sad and melancholy news of the loss of Captain D—— was soon brought to Mrs. D—— by the boy, when the first bursts of grief had a little subsided, she sent her Niece to Mr. T—— the landlord, her next door neighbor, to make known to him her sorrows and afflictions, he instantly came, and as a feeling man sympathised and made every effort to soothe her lacerated and anguished mind, the landlord remained with her until some time in the evening, when he left her to her niece, and to her sorrows, she repaired to her pillow, but sleep was a stranger, and who that has a heart can sleep after such news.—The landlord went directly to his attorney

for advice, acquainting *the limb o the law* 'that Capt. D—— was lost at sea and that he had just left Mrs. D—— in tears I endorsed a note continued he for a small sum, and the rent will be falling due by and bye and no doubt Capt. D—— has lost all his property, what shall I do asks the *humane* landlord?' 'go to the house of Mrs. D—— and seize furniture sufficient to cover you against the amount of the note and your rent,' replies the lawyer, (who surely was one of the Devil's own,) Mr. M——h, a butcher, an indorser on the note with the landlord and equally liable for the payment, was called upon by the *humane* Mr. T——, who urged him to go with him, and arrest from the poor distressed widow her furniture, the Butcher with the sensibility of a christian and a man refused to be a party with this monster T——, 'I would said he sooner lose a thousand Dollars than go and add to Mrs D——s, present distress,' though he was a Butcher and could cut throats by the dozen, he could not suppress his nobleness and generosity to an unfortunate woman; defeated with the butcher, his next resource was parson Tag. . . t who was soon persuaded to be his Sancho Panza on the occasion—I have read of singular and strange Parsons in Novels, but if this Parson T——, be not the greatest monster, barbarian and brute, then I do not know what constitutes such a character.—The sun had just risen when these fiends in the form of men, the land-

lord and the parson, sallied forth on their *work of mercy* they knocked at the door of Mrs. D——, who was awake and had not closed her eyes the live long night, she requested her niece to go and see who was knocking at so early an hour, the door was no sooner open than the landlord began to make known his business; and that his friend the parson had come along with him, to see justice done between them; 'pray what is your business gentlemen with me, I am too much distressed to speak on any subject said Mrs. D——,' 'madam replied the landlord I come to take from you your furniture to secure the note I endorsed for your Husband and my Lawyer tells me, that I have a right to do so; if you will deliver up the things in a peaceable manner it will save much trouble, to which she answered, 'do as you please, take what you please I am not myself'—now commences the *humane* work of removing Beds, Tables Looking Glasses, Candle-sticks, Trunks of Clothes &c. &c. 'do not take the Bureau cries Mrs. D——, for I shall be without clothes entirely and in which there is a suit of mourning lately worn for a sister now no more,' 'make yourself quite easy replied the landlord, you can have whatever you want by sending your niece or calling yourself at my House,' in a few moments these *gallant Knights* stripped the house of almost every article of furniture and Bed Clothes, in the inclement season of the

year—December—when it was nearly time for repose Mrs. D—— and her niece remembered that the Blankets and the Bed on which they laid the night before, were taken from them by these *sons of humanity*, a small single bed on which a young man had slept, was all that was left in the house for Mrs. D——, and her niece, the young man had to find lodgings elsewhere, the blankets of this small bed were not sufficient to cover them, the niece was sent to the landlord for those he had taken, but which he refused to restore his obdurate and Iron heart could not be softened by the entreaties of the niece she was forced to return empty handed to her distressed Aunt—I now dismiss the narrative, to relate that this miserable Reptile, this cruel miser, was overtaken by justice—a process of law compelled him to refund the value of the furniture and I rejoice to say, that he was fined in damages to a considerable amount—In the prosecution Parson T——'s written affidavit was produced—what thing you reader of this Parson, is he a proper teacher of Christianity? does he not approach nearer to a monster, than a Civilized man?—while poor D——, body was floating on the 'mighty deep' denied sepulture, the wild Ocean Birds!——but I forbear to speak further—With all my heart, I would place a whip in the hands of every unfortunate widow, to lash this parson naked through the world——The miserable Cai-

tiff the landlord has been lacerated in his most sensible part—his purse—he must be as greedy as the Grave, without the least sympathy for the unfortunate, all that enobles man, in him is swallowed up in avarice—how different, how noble a spirit warms the heart of Mr. M——, the Butcher. I hope, sincerely, he may never know distress, his conduct is worthy of imitation and applause.—

Let me give a few hints to some *Wooden headed Lawyers*, that attend court whose only business consists of talking to each other, and thereby disturbing the court and Jury—many of them are as complete beasts as are to be met with their feet on the seats. a swinish custom. Spirling out the Tobacco Juice in every direction, and numberless other of the like accomplishments—I would advise these *elegant and refined geniuses* to turn their attention to Jerry Tugwells School, as sons of wax and thread they may possibly arrive to some degree of eminence, but as disciples of Lord Coke Blackstone &c &c. many of these bright urchins will never reach even a state of mediocrity—If idleness and lounging be the road to eminence these *sons of promise*, are in the *broad way* to the summit of legal perfection.

APHORISMS.

Civility.—Civility is a desire to receive civility, and to be accounted well bred.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were read and presented by a member. in the house of Representatives of Pennsylvania, on the 8th instant.

Whereas it has been observed that many chaste and respectable females in this commonwealth, have of late years been so far seduced by pernicious example as to lay aside the modest and useful attire heretofore used by chaste females, and to appear in public places with naked elbows and shoulders, and the other parts of the body clad in such thin and transparent attire as is incompatible with decency, and altogether insufficient to preserve their bodies from the inclemency of the weather, and in consequence of wearing such thin and improper dress, the lives of many persons who might otherwise have been useful and ornamental members of society, have been sacrificed, and the constitution of others greatly impaired, and it is the duty of the Legislature to prevent any practice which may have a tendency to destroy virtue, or the health of that beautiful part of society.

THEREFORE, RESOLVED.

That a committee be appointed to bring in a bill containing the following principles :

FIRST.—If any white female of the age of ten years or upwards shall appear in any public street,

lane, alley, highway, church, court house, tavern, ball room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked elbows or naked shoulders, or, being able to purchase necessary clothing shall at any time between the first day of November and the first day of March in any year, appear in any such place or places clothed in less than three body garments, one whereof shall be of wollen, silk, or other substantial materials, every person so offending and being legally convicted before any court of record, or before any alderman or justice of the peace in this commonwealth shall forfeit and pay a fine not less than one or more than one hundred dollars, to be recovered by action of debt, information or indictment, one half to the use of the informer and the other half to the use of the poor of the borough, township or ward wherein the offence shall have been committed, and the person so convicted shall be liable to pay like costs as are paid in actions of debt in the jurisdiction in which the suit or prosecution shall be commenced; and shall also be compelled to enter bail for her good behaviour for the space of one year from such conviction in such sum and with such securities as the court, alderman or justice of the peace pronouncing judgment shall deem reasonable, having regard to the circumstances of the offender.

SECOND.—If any parent or guardian having the charge of the

person of any white female of the age of ten years or upwards, shall knowingly permit any such his, her or their child or ward to offend against the provisions as before stated, such parent or guardian shall be liable, upon conviction thereof as aforesaid, to pay the same costs and penalty as is hereby provided for such offenders.

THIRD.—It shall be the duty of all justices of the peace and aldermen of this commonwealth upon their own view, to convict and punish offenders against the aforesaid provisions, and it shall also be the duty of all constables and overseers of the poor to give information to some justices of the peace or court of record, of all such offences against the aforesaid provisions as may come to their knowledge—and if any such officer shall neglect so to do for the space of forty-eight hours, such officer shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor in office, and shall, on conviction thereof in a court of record, be removed from office, & fined at the discretion of the court not exceeding one hundred dollars—and it shall also be the duty of the grand jurors to present all offences against before-mentioned provisions, and in case of conviction upon the view of a justice of the peace or alderman, information of a constable, or presentment of a grand jury, the whole of the fine shall go to the use of the poor of the proper ward, borough or township.

Mr. Editor

By giving the enclosed enigmatical list of young ladies in your Weekly Miscellany you will oblige the Author.

An Enigmatical list of young ladies at New Town and Hurl Gate.

1 That aspect of a field which first pleases the eye in the spring, prefix to the largest tree of the forest.

2 Two fifths of the staff of life adding a vowel and a merry low witted fellow reversed.

3 Two fifths of that which is necessary for every one, mostly wanted by the poor, but equally sought after by the rich, and a valuable hidden production of almost every country.

4 Three sevenths of that favorite name which poets generally prefix to streams of water, and one half of a female of quality.

5 The first act committed by a cruel conquerer after the surrender of a Town.

6 One half of a tumult the eleventh letter and two fifths of a mistake.

7 That which is in the mouth of every villain an s, and one half of fear.

8 The most solemn and final rights of man to man altering the second letter to an e, and the last to an n,

9 That which is the first summons of a visitor, the middle half

of what the wicked have most to fear and two thirds of an affirmative.

10 the species of that animal which preserved a man for a number of days in a dangerous element.

11 Five sevenths of the rolling waves and the first letter of a name for the Goddess of wisdom.

12 Four fifths of that which pervades the bodies of all men & the first letter of a satellite. which shines its might in borrowed light.

13 That name which in an important law case is generally said to open, for the display of great talents.

14 The aspect of the heavens in a thunder storm prefix to that which we have to go far below the surface of the earth to make.

15 That which a Church a Blacksmith shop and a tavern make, with an s, and what we must all come to.

16 Two fifths of a lover adding a vowel and one half of a young lady.

17 Two letters which stand for a devout pious man and the middle half of a public oration.

18 Three quarters of a tremendous noise prefix to two fifths of the most populous country of the east.

19 One fifth of that which has no colour, a vowel and one half of a lady's dress.

Jan. 29th 1812.

CHRISTOPHER.

REBUS.

Howsoever strange the expression
There is a thing in your possession,
Which your acquaintance never had,
Yet offer us'd than you 'tis said.
Solution requested.

CHARADE.

Myra the Milkmaid so fair,
And Damon the Shepherd so gay,
It's in yonder green meads I declare;
My body they've trampled each day,
But now to invert me you'll see,
I'll certainly nicely explore:
What Myra oft wish'd for to be,
My body to trample each day,
Solution requested.

TO GERALDINE.

T'was Friendship sure that breath'd
those strains
So dear; tho' undeserv'd by me
Those hearts where only goodness reigns,
Can naught but worth in others see,
It is the virtue—breathing breast,
Alone can soothing pleasure yield;
It lulls the aching mind to rest,
And forms for innocence a shield.
The grateful flowings of my heart
Would speak, were but my pencil true
Would more than thanks to thee im-
part,
For praise thou giv'st, tho' not my due.
Yes dear unknown! thou art deciev'd
But an imperfect soul is mine;
T'was partial friendship that believ'd,
Here center'd virtues so benign.
The merit which thou hast portray'd
To emulate will be my pride,
And tho' in glowing hues array'd,
With human frailty may reside.
NINA.

I never heard a common Irish-
man pronounce *was* *v*, or *v as w*;
a most offensive vulgarism of cock-
ney growth, of which the follow-
ing conversation, which passed be-
tween a citizen and his servant,
may be considered as a specimen.

Citizen.—Villiam, I wants my vig.
Servant. Vitch vig, sir?
Citizen. Vy, the vite vig in the
vooden vig-box, vich I vore last
Vensday at the Vestry. CARR.

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, February 15, 1812.

"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times."

FIRE.

The Mansion House of Mr. Old, at
Schuylkill Forge, was burnt on the 17th
ult. His books were saved, and an in-
fant in bed was snatched from the flames
by a negro boy with no other injury
than the scorching of its hair.

We have the painful task to announce
(says the Petersburg Republican) that
within the last eight or ten days, the
dwelling house of Mr. Sampson May-
nard, of Surry county, was consumed by
fire together with two of his sons. Him-
self and daughter escaped with great dif-
ficulty.

TRENTON, February 10.

We are informed that a horrid murder
was committed by a man of the name of
Riley, at the Cross-Roads, Burlington
county on Tuesday morning last. His
wife & step mother were sitting at break-
fast. On coming into the room some few

words of dispute took place between Riley and his wife. He immediately procured a razor, and cut the throats of both women before they could make their escape. It is also reported that he attempted to kill his brother at the same time, and by a stroke of the razor cut the knot of his neck-handkerchief—that Riley did not attempt to escape the officers of justice but was committed to Burlington county jail on the same day.

WANTED immediately, an Apprentice to the Printing business, apply at this office.

†§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§†

Married.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kohlman, Mr. Peter A. Schwachhofer to Miss Mary Elizabeth Betts, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last by the rev. Dr. Beach, Mr James A. Stevens, to Miss Maria Fowler, only daughter of Theodosius Fowler, all of this city.

On Tuesday morning last, in St. Peter's Church, by the rev. Dr. Kohlman, Mr. Joseph Idley, of this city, to Miss Mary Skerwood, of Fairfield.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Joseph Marsh, of Brooklyn, to Miss Eliza Frederick, of this city.

At New Jersey, John Tennant Woodhull, to Miss Ann Wikoff; Oliver Johnson, to Miss Nancy Snowhill.

At Falmouth, capt. Wm. Bodfish, to Miss Deborah Turner Hatch.

At Elizabethtown, Robert Price, jun. to Miss Elizabeth Keas.

At Washington, Daniel Sheffey, esq. Representative in Congress from Virginia, to Miss Maria Hanson, daughter of Samuel Hanson, esq.

At Halifax, major Austin, to Miss Elizabeth Burges.

On the 28th ult. by the rev Mr. Strong, Mr. Richard Broadway, to Miss Elizabeth Cheeseman, both of this city.

†§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§†

Died.

On the evening of the 7th inst. Mrs Mary Barbary Dob, of a plurality, in the 85th year of her age—She was relict of Martin Dob, who departed this life in 1795 aged 78 years, they were pious old people and their deaths are much regretted by their children and all who knew them.

On Monday morning last, after a very short illness Mr. Peter Dunigan.

On Wednesday last, at the age of 74, James Smith, M. D. son of the hon. Wm. Smith, one of the judges of the Supreme Court,

On Wednesday evening last, at Bloomingdale. James W. Depeyster, esq. aged 67 years.

In England, Silas Galpin, (commonly known by the nickname of 'the old fowl') aged 85; leaving twelve affectionate and disconsolate wives, in various parts of the kingdom, with all of whom he contrived occasionally to live on the most amicable terms, and by each of whom he had a son and a daughter.—In the professions of begging and betting he had been so successful that besides being liberal in honorably supplying the wants of his several families, he left them an equal share in five thousand guineas.

On Thursday evening, of a short illness Mrs. Mary Roulston, aged 36 years, wife of James Roulston.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ELEGY

On the Death of the late Rev. Doct.

JOHN N. ABEEL.

The mem'ry of the just is ever bless'd,
Though sorrow forces from our eye the
tear;

Their loss is felt whom oft we have ca-
ress'd,

Whose genuine worth we could not but
revere.

Ambition leads the HERO to renown;
Fame blows her trumpet of his deeds in
war;

With laurels, Victory his brows adorn:
And thousands stand his triumphs to
declare.

But buoy'd by *pride*, his heart with swell-
ing scorn

Looks down contemptuously on men
around;

The right of Virtue now are trampled
down,

And power is hurl'd as if he was divine.

Though wrapt in human greatness, see
he dies!

The tyrant grim, his shaft has level'd
fierce,

Whilst now the body falls, the spirit
flies:

And in the grave that greatness disap-
pears.

And whilst the stern PHILOSOPHER
pretends

To fathom science to its utmost bounds;
Alas! neglecting what his maker lends,
The praise he claims himself, and loud
resounds.

And shall frail man thus live with God
supreme?

And shall frail man thus rob him of his
crown?

His puny arm in vain attempts to screen;
Ah! what can shield when God jeho-
vah frowns?

The man that boasts of greatness in him-
self,

May long outbrave the terrors of his
way,

But in the end, strip'd of his fancied
pelf,

He'll find his sense deprav'd will bear a
sway.

Whilst worldly lights, like meteors, ra-
pid glare,

And soon evade the passing travellers
sight;

Tho' for a time they make the vulgar
stare,

They sink at noon, to everlasting night.

Not so THE CHRISTIAN HERO! of the
skies:

Whose virtue is of origin divine,

Though oft obscur'd as thro' the world
he flies,

Yet in the midst of darkness, bright he
shines.

Such was thy virtue, much belov'd
ABEEL;

Such was thy splendour thro' this vale
of woe;

THE PRINCE OF PEACE gave thee a sword
to wield,

And made thee CONQU'EROR over every
foe.

The closing scene of thy bright life we
view;

A scene replete with glory & with grace;
Death and thyself : most solemn inter-
view !

Thus do we sympathizing seek to trace-
Death thou hast slain the mighty of the
earth,

Kings, Princes, Judges, who oppress'd
their charge ;

Their glory, *decorated tombs* beneath,
Acknowledge to mankind, thy prowess
large.

O'er me a vict'ry thou shalt not obtain,
Tis but thy SHADOW which o'er spreads
this place.

Thy threat'nd triumph frights me not :
tis vain .

MY SAVIOUR leads me past thee, by
his grace.

Jesus, I come ! within thy mansion
bright,

Oh lead thy servants safely and secure ;
Learn me to day, succeeded ne'er by
night,

Trophy of grace, forever to endure :

The christian triumph, surely was thy
own :

Grave where's thy vict'ry ? death where
is thy sting ?

Go happy saint ! take glory for thy
CROWN.

And may we soon be join'd, thy song
to sing.

As oft we pass thy peaceful lonely grave,
We'll mourn ; —and also strive to think
of thee ;

Thy God is willing, also us to save,
And we will seek as christians to be free.

We'll seek the GUINEA, that led thee to
the skies ;

WISDOM ! reach us thy fair celestial
hand !

Shew us the path that brings us to the
prize,

And on true CANAANS shore, in safety
land.

ERA.

THE MISER.

Iron in his chest, iron in his door ;
Iron in his hand, & in his heart is more.

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